RISE OF THE AWKWARD BOY.

He longed to be great and he longed to rise,
And they laughed at him;
He studied books till he strained his eyes,
And they laughed at him!
His tongue was thick, but his will was strong;
His ears were big and his legs were long,
In a hundred ways his plans went wrong,
And they laughed at him.

He held his course day after day,
And they laughed at him;
He packed his satchel and went away,
And they laughed at him!
They heard of the blunders he made in town,
In his awkward efforts to win renown—
To them he was merely a foolish clown,
And they laughed at him.

The papers began to mention his name,
They were proud of him;
He was getting up, he was winning fame,
They were proud of him!
Go down among them there to-day,
And you'll hear his wise old neighbors say
They "always knowed he'd make his way,"
And they're proud of him!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

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CHAPTER V.

There had been a morning of jubilee in the camp of the Fifth Separate brigade, and a row in the tents of the regulars. Up to within a fortnight such a state of affairs would have been considered abnormal, for the papers would have it that the former were on the verge of dissolution through plague, pestilence and famine due to the neglect of officials vaguely referred to as "the military authorities," or "the staff," while up to the coming of Canker to command sweet accord had reigned in the regular brigade, and the volunteers looked on with envy. But now a great martial magnate had praised the stalwart citizen soldiery whom he had passed in review early in the day, and set them to shouting by the announcement that, as reward for their hard work and assiduous drill, they should have their heart's desire and be shipped across the seas to far Manila. It had all been settled beforehand at headquarters. The "chief" had known for four days that that particular command would be selected for the next expedition, but it tickled "the boys" to have it put that way, and the home papers would make so much of it. So there was singing and triumph and rejoicing all along the eastern verge of a rocky, roughly paved cross street, and rank blasphemy across the way. To the scandal and sorrow of the ——teenth infantry some of the recent robberies had been traced to their very doors. A commissary sergeant had "weakened," a cartman had squealed, and one of the most popular and attractive young soldiers in the whole command was now a prisoner in the guardhouse charged with criminal knowledge of the whole affair, and of being a large recipient of the ill-gotten money—Morton, of the adjutant's office, a private in company K.

What made it worse was the allegation that several others, non-commissioned officers and "special duty men," were mixed up in the matter, and Canker had rasped the whole commissioned force present for duty in his lecture upon the subject and had almost intimated that officers were conniving at the concealment of the guilt of their sergeants rather than have it leak out that the felony was committed in a company of their commanding.

He and Gordon had had what was described as a "red-hot" row, all because Gordon flatly declared that while something was queer about the case of the young clerk, he'd bet his bottom dollar he wasn't a thief. Canker said such language was a reflection on himself, as he had personally investigated the case, was convinced Morton's guilt could be established, and had so reported to the brigade commander in recommending trial by general court-martial. Indeed he had made out a case against the lad even before he was arrested and returned to camp. Gordon asked if he had seen the boy and heard his story. Canker reddened and said he hadn't, and he didn't mean to and didn't have to. Gordon said he had—he had talked with the lad fully and freely on his being brought to camp toward nine o'clock, and was greatly impressed with his story—as would anyone else be who heard it. Canker reddened still more and said he wouldn't allow officers to interview prisoners without his authority. "I'll prefer charges against the next that does it," said he.

And not three hours later, Mr. Billy Gray, sprawling on his camp cot, striving to forget the sorrow of the earlier morning, and to memorize a page of paragraphs of army regulations, was suddenly accosted by an orderly who stood at the front of the tent, scratching at the tent flap—the camp substitute for a ring at the bell.

"A note for the lieutenant," said he, darting in and then darting out, possibly fearful of question. It was a queer note:

"I am a total stranger to you, but I wore in brighter days the badge of the same society that was yours at the university. Three of the fraternity are in my company—one is on guard and he urged me to write at once to you. They know me to be a brother Delt, even though I dare not tell my real name. What I have to say is that the charge against me is utterly false, as I can convince you, but could not convince a court. I am confined at the moment of all others in my life when it is most vitally important that I should be free. Grant me ten minutes' interview this afternoon and if I do not prove myself guiltless I will ask no favor—but when I do convince you, do as you would be done by.

"Yours in Δ Σ X,
"GEORGE MORTON."

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said Mr. Gray, as he rolled out of his gray blanket. "Here's a state of things! Listen to this, captain," he called to his company commander in the adjoining tent. "Here's Morton, back from 48 hours' absence without leave, brought back by armed guard after sharp resistance, charged with Lord knows what all, wants to tell me his story and prove his innocence."

"You let him alone," growled his senior. "Remember what Canker said, or you'll go in arrest. What call has Morton on you, I'd like to know?"

The lad flushed. Fraternity was a very sacred thing in the Δ Σ X. It was "the most exclusive crowd at the 'varsity." Its membership was pledged to one another by unusual ties. It was the hardest society for a fellow to get into in any one of the seven colleges whereat it flourished, and its mystic bonds were not shaken off with the silken gown and "mortar board" of undergraduate days, but followed its membership through many a maturer year. It was a society most college men might ask to join in vain. Money, social station, influence were powerless. Not until a student had been under observation two whole years and was thoroughly known could he hope for a "bid" to become a "Delta Sig." Not until another six months of probation could he sport its colors, and not until he formally withdrew from its fold, in post graduation years, could he consider himself absolved from its mild obligations. But the boast of the "Delta Sig" had ever been that no one of its membership had ever turned a deaf ear to a fellow in need of aid. Who of its originators ever dreamed of such a thing as its drifting into and becoming a factor in the affairs of the regular army?

No wonder Gray stood for a moment, the paper still in his hands, irresolute, even disturbed. Not to answer the appeal meant to run counter to all the tenets of his fraternity. To answer might mean arrest and court-martial for deliberate disobedience of orders. Canker has no more mercy than an Indian. It was barely 48 hours since he had been publicly warned by an experienced old captain that he would find no "guardian angel" in Squeers. It would seriously mar his prospects to start now with Squeers "down on him," and as that lynx-eyed commander was ever on watch for infractions of orders, Billy well knew that he could not hope to see and talk with the prisoner and Canker not hear of it. To ask permission of Canker would only make matters worse—he was sure to refuse and then reemphasize his orders and redouble his vigilance. To ask the consent of the officer of the day or the connivance of the officer of the guard was to invite them to court arrest and trial on their own account. He couldn't do that even to oblige a brother Delt. If only Ned Craven were officer of the guard something might be done—he was a college man, too, and though not a "Delt," but rather of a rival set, he "would understand" and possibly help. Guard mount was held toward dusk, and that was four hours away, at least. The prisoner's note and tone were urgent. An idea occurred to Billy: What if he could get Gordon to let him "go on" this very evening? It wasn't his tour. He had "marched off" only two days before, as he well remembered, for Canker "had roughed" him up and down about that little error in copying the list of prisoners from the report of the previous day. Moreover, he had counted on going to town right after "retreat," dining at the Palace, an extravagance not to be thought of at other times, so as to be on hand when the Primes and Amy Lawrence came down to dinner. He had planned it all—even to the amount of surprise he was to exhibit when he should discover about when he had finished his own dinner that they were just beginning theirs, and the extent and degree of pleasurable emotion he might venture on showing as he hastened over to greet them, and accepted their offer to be seated with them, even if he had been so unkind as to dine beforehand, instead of with them. He had set his heart on having a chat with Miss Lawrence as part recompense for all he had lost that morning, and all this he was thinking of while still fumbling over that disturbing note. Time was getting short, too; there was no telling how much longer they might stay. Mr. Prime had brought his only daughter all that long journey across the continent on the assurance that the boy he loved, with whom he had quarreled, and whom, in his anger, he had sorely rebuked, had enlisted there in San Francisco and was serving in a regiment at the great camp west of the city. He had come full of hope and confidence; he had found the young soldier described, and, in his bitter disappointment, he declared there was no resemblance to justify the report sent him by the boy's own uncle, who vowed he had met him with comrades on the main street of the city, that the recognition was mutual, for the boy had darted around the first corner and escaped. His companions were scattered by the time Mr. Lawrence turned to the spot, after a brief, fruitless search, but private detectives had taken it up and "located" young Prime and telegraphed the father in the distant east.

Now, Mr. Lawrence was away on business of his own. Written assurances that he couldn't be mistaken lost weight, and Mr. Prime, disheartened, was merely waiting the report of an agent who thought he had traced the boy to Tampa. In 24 hours he might spirit his daughter away on another chase, and then there would be no further warrant for Miss Lawrence's remaining in the city. She would return to her lovely home in one of the loveliest of California valleys, miles away from the raw fogs and chills of the Golden Gate, and would be no more seen among the camps. That, said Billy Gray to himself, would take every bit of sunshine from his life.

All this detail, or much of it, he had learned from the fair lips of Miss Lawrence herself, for Mr. Prime and his daughter seemed to shrink from speaking of the matter. From the first Miss Amy had had to take the young gentleman under her personal wing, as it were. In her desire to aid her uncle and cousins in every way, and knowing them to be strangers to the entire camp, she had eagerly sent for him as the first familiar or friendly object she saw. Then when he came and was presented, and proved to possess little interest to the careworn man and his anxious and devoted child, it devolved upon Miss Lawrence to make much of Billy in proportion as they made little of him, and for three days or so the blithe young fellow seemed fairly to walk on air. Moreover, she had taken him into family confidences in telling him of the missing son and brother, for both her uncle and cousin, she said, were so sensitive about it they could not talk to anyone except when actually necessary. They had leaned, as it were, on the general and on Col. Armstrong for a day, and then seemed to draw away from both. They even seemed to take it much amiss that her father had to be absent when they came, though they had sent no word, until late, of their coming. He was on his return, might arrive any hour, but so might they go. Now if Billy could only discover that missing son—

Then came an inspiration! Penciling a brief note he gave it to a soldier of his company and bade him take it to the guard tents. It told Morton of the colonel's orders, issued that very day, and bade him be patient—he hoped and believed opportunity would be afforded for an interview that evening. Then he hunted up a subaltern of his own grade whom he knew would probably be the detail for officer-of-the-guard that evening. "Brooke," he said, "will you swap tours with me if Gordon's willing? I have—I'd like mightily to exchange if it's all the same to you."

Brooke hesitated. He had social hopes and aspirations of his own. By "swapping" with Gray he might find himself doomed to a night in camp when he had accepted for some pleasant function in town.

"Thought you were keen to go in to-night—right after retreat," he hazarded.

"Well, I was," said Gray, pulling his drab campaign hat down over his eyes to shut out the glare of the westering sun. "But I've got—a new wrinkle."

"Some bid for Friday? That's your tour, isn't it?" And Brooke began


"Will you swap tours with me if Gordon's willing?"

counting on his fingers. "Wait till I look at my notebook. Friday? Why, that's the night of the Burton's card party—thought you didn't know them."

"I don't," said Gray, glad enough to escape the other question. "And you hate card parties, you know you do. It's a go, is it? I'll see Gordon at once." And off he went, leaving Brooke to wonder why he should be so bent on the arrangement.

But Gordon proved an unexpected foe to the plan. "Can't be done, Billy," said he, sententiously. "Canker watches those details like a hawk. He hasn't forgotten you only came off two days ago, and if I were to mount you tonight he'd mount me—with both feet."

"Think there's any use in asking him?" queried the boy, tossing a backward glance toward Canker's tent.

"Not unless you're suffering for another snub. That man loves to say no as much as any girl I ever asked, and he doesn't do it to be coaxed, either. Best leave it alone, Billy."

And then the unexpected happened. Into the tent, with a quick, impetuous step, came the commanding officer himself, and something had occurred to stir that gentleman to the core. His eyes were snapping and his head was high.

"Mr. Gordon," said he, "here's more of this pilfering business, and now they're beginning to find out it isn't all in my camp by a damned sight. I want that letter copied at once." Then with a glance at Gray, who had whipped off his cap and was standing in respectful attitude, he changed his tone from the querulous, half treble of complaint. "What's this you'd best leave alone?" he suddenly demanded. "There are a dozen things you'd best leave alone and a dozen you would do well to cultivate and study. When I was—however, I never was a lieutenant except in war time, when they amounted to something. I got my professional knowledge in front of the enemy—not at any damned charity school. You're here to ask some new indulgence, I suppose. Want to stay in town over night and fritter away your money and the time the government pays for. No, sir; you can't have my consent. You will be back in camp at 12 o'clock, and stop and report your return to the officer of the guard, so that I may know the hour you come in. Who's officer of the guard to-night, Mr. Gordon?"

"Mr. Brooke, sir."

"Mr. Brooke! Why, I thought I told you he was to take those prisoners in town to-morrow. He has to testify before that court in the case of Sergt. Kelly and it saves my sending another officer and having two of our lieutenants away from drill and hanging around the Bohemian club. Detail somebody else!"

"All right, sir," answered Gordon, imperturbably. "Make any odds, sir, who is detailed?"

Canker had turned to his desk and was tossing over the papers with nervous hand. Gray impulsively stepped forward, his eyes kindling with hope. It was on the tip of his tongue to launch into a proffer of his own services for the detail, but Gordon hastily warned him back with a sweep of the hand and a portentous scowl.

"No. One's as bad as the other. Next thing I know some of 'em will be letting prisoners escape right under my nose, making us the laughing stock of these damned militia volunteers." (Canker entered service in '61 as a private in a city company that was militia to the tip of its spike-tailed coats, but he had forgotten it.) "I want these young idlers to understand distinctly, by George, that the first prisoner that gets away from this post takes somebody's commisison with him. D'you hear that, Mr. Gray?" And Canker turned and glared at the bright blue eyes as though he would like to blast their clear fires with the breath of his disapprobation. "Has that young fellow, Morton, been put in irons yet?" he suddenly asked, whirling on Gordon again.

"Think not, sir. Supplies limited. Officer of the day reported half an hour ago every set was in use. Sent over to division quartermaster and he answered we had a dozen more'n we were entitled to now. Wanted to know if we meant to iron the whole regiment—"

"The hell he did!" raged Canker. "I'll settle that in short order. My horse there, orderly! I'll be back by four, Mr. Gordon. Fix that detail to suit yourself." And so saying the irascible colonel flung himself out of the tent and into his saddle.

"You young idiot," said Gordon, whirling on Billy the moment the coast was clear. "You came within an ace of ruining the whole thing. Never ask Canker for anything, unless it's what you wish to be rid of. Tell Brooke you're for guard, and he's to go to town instead."

"Hopping mad," as he himself afterward expressed it, Col. Canker had ridden over to "have it out" with the quartermaster who had ventured to comment on his methods, but the sight of the commanding general, standing alone at the entrance to his private tent, his pale face grayer than ever and a world of trouble in his eyes, compelled Canker to stop short. Two or three orderlies were on the run. Two aids-de-camp, Capt. Garrison and a comrade were searching through desks and boxes, their faces grave and concerned. The regimental commander was off his horse in a second. "Anything amiss, general?" he asked, with soldierly salute.

The general turned slowly toward him. "Can our men sell letters," he said, "as well as food and forage? Do people buy such things? A most important package has been—stolen from my tent."

[To Be Continued.]

Certainly Worth Something.

In a rural community in one of the middle states dwelt a man who made a vow in 1856 that he would wear his hair and beard untrimmed until John C. Fremont should be elected president of the United States. He kept the vow for 40 years, at the end of which time he had nearly a half bushel of hair on his head and face. Then, coming to the conclusion, toward which his mind had been gradually working for a long time, that Gen. Fremont's death in the interval had practically absolved him from his vow, he decided to have his hair cut and his beard shaved off clean. On his next visit to the county-seat he went to a barber-shop and was soon relieved of the hirsute burden he had carried for four decades. "How much?" he asked. "Have to charge you half a dollar for that job," said the barber, looking at the mass that lay on the floor. "Half a dollar!" he gasped. "Don't I get anything for the hair?"—Youth's Companion.

Would Not Tell Her Name.

She had just come up from Mississippi to "hire out" in Memphis, and all of her friends at home promised to write to her. After the new of the city wore off and the ache of homesickness began to make itself felt she went to the "general delivery" at the post office to inquire for her mail. She still has her moss-grown suspicion of "town folks," and their dark and devious ways, so she marched aggressively up to the general delivery window and demanded: "Any letters here for me?" "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "'Tain't none of yo' business whut my name is!" she responded, indignantly, and without further parley she left the post office angrily muttering to herself: "I ain't gwine to tell that white man whut my name is. Lak to know whut business 'tis o' hisn whut my name is." The cautious old body didn't hear from home that day.—Memphis Scimitar.

Another Convert.

Miles—What do you think of this faith-cure business?

Giles—Oh, it's all right. I tried it once and was completely cured.

Miles—Indeed! Of what were you cured?

Giles—Of my faith in it. — Chicago Daily News.

Sufficient.

Mrs. Ashley—Isn't this new prayer rug of mine pretty?

Mr. Speakly—Yes, but isn't it very small?

"Well, it is large enough for all my prayers."—N. Y. World.

A Correct Guess.

Brown—What do you think of the walking dresses the women have now?

"They'll not wear them long."—Detroit Free Press.

POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

A Movement on Foot to Sweep Away Party Lines in Kentucky---State Convention to be Held in Louisville.

Lexington, Ky., March 22.—A meeting was held here in the office of a local attorney, attended by a number of leading citizens of this city and surrounding cities. It was very quiet, and the secretary objected to giving the names for publication. The object of the meeting was to put on foot a non-partisan move which was conceived here several weeks ago, and which is being discussed in other Kentucky cities, looking toward some action being taken relative to the lost reputation of Kentucky, and obliterate the bad reputation of the state caused by the present complicated state of affairs and acts leading to them have given it.

A similar move is on in Louisville and Covington, but the local promoters are working independently. So far the affair is in an indefinite shape and the work is being done with more or less secrecy. It was decided here to issue an address to all the counties in the state, setting forth the object of the move and calling conventions to select delegates on April 20 to a state convention to be held in Louisville, April 24. Beyond this point nothing definite was done. It is claimed that the movement will assume gigantic proportions and sweep away, to a certain extent, party lines in Kentucky, at least until the strained political relations and the ugly situation growing out of them are relieved. By some it is claimed that it is the beginning of a political revolution in the state.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

A Committee to Consider Proposed Legislation Relative to Celebration of the 100th Anniversary.

Washington, March 22.—When the house met Wednesday, Mr. Dalzell (Pa.) from the committee on rules, presented a report from that committee for the appointment of a special committee of nine to consider all proposed legislation to the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the purchase of the Louisiana territory, at St. Louis, in 1903. The speaker appointed the following committee: Messrs. Tawney (Minn.), Steele (Ind.), Sherman (N. Y.), Joy (Mo.), Corliss (Mich.), Burke (S. D.), republicans and Messrs. Williams (Miss.), Bartlett (Ga.), and Otey (Va.), democrats.

The house then resumed the consideration of the Loud bill relating to second class mail.

Mr. Bromwell (Ohio) was the first speaker Wednesday. He advocated the passage of the bill.

TO FIGHT INDIANS.

Permission Will Be Asked for Mexican Troops to Pass Through the United States.

Monterey, Mexico, March 22.—The 9th regiment of infantry, stationed in this city, has received orders to proceed immediately to the scene of the Yaqui Indiana war and join the forces of Gen. Louis Torres in the campaign that is now being waged against the rebels.

It is probable that permission will be asked of the United States government by President Diaz for this regiment and other military forces to pass through the United States by way of Eagle Pass, Tex., and Nogales, Ariz., as that is the only railway route to the scene of the rebellion.

It is authoritatively announced in military circles in Monterey that Secretary of War Bernardo Reyes has determined to send at least 4,000 reinforcements to the troops now in the Yaqui country.

Exposition at St. Louis.

Washington, March 22.—Representative Lane, of Iowa, introduced a bill providing for an exposition at St. Louis, Mo., in 1903, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the purchase of the Louisiana territory. The bill provides for a government building to cost $400,000, and also for the expenditure of $5,000,000 by the government when the exposition authorities have raised $10,000,000. Provision also is made for the creation of a commission and for other features giving the exposition a national and international scope.

Vessel Is a Total Loss.

San Francisco, March 22.—Inspector Henry Payne, who visited the scene of the wreck of the British ship City of Florence, reported to Surveyor of the Port Spear that the vessel and cargo are a total loss. Only a part of the hull is visible. There was no insurance on the City of Florence, but the cargo of nitrate was insured.

Central Baseball League.

Springfield, Ill., March 22.—At a meeting of its promoters in this city the Central baseball league was formed. The league will be a six-club circuit, composed of Springfield Bloomington, Decatur, Danville, Peoria, and Terre Haute. The season will open May 1 and will close September 18.

Acquitted of Charge of Murder.

Hartington, Neb., March 22.—J. C. Harris, editor of the Belden News, was Wednesday acquitted of the charge of murdering John Blinkiron. Harris pleaded self-defense. Blinkiron was killed in a street duel which resulted from a political quarrel.

Miners Return to Work.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 22.—The five hundred miners at the A. J. Davis colliery, Warrior run, who went out on strike a week ago, have returned to work, a satisfactory agreement having been reached.

MOTIVES MISUNDERSTOOD.

How the Uproarious Hosiery of a Swell Young Man Struck a Hotel Clerk.

There is a young business man who has more hosiery than he knows what to do with. He was quite recently on a business trip, and happened to stop for a couple of days in Philadelphia. He wanted to get some advertising, but he was not fixed to pay for it, and he had read about the "king of the dudes" and other freaks who manage to get some brief notoriety because of their antics. He had ten dollars to spare on a scheme, and he accordingly went to a bargain sale at which they had a lot of last summer socks at 50 cents a pair. He spent the money on these things, and he went out of his way to get the most outrageous combinations of color and the most bizarre effects that were in the place. He succeeded wonderfully. He had socks which made the asphalt sidewalks curl as they do under extreme heat. His extremities fairly shrieked. Then he spent the day in the corridor of the hotel sitting in a conspicuous place showing off the socks. He would wear a pair for about 20 minutes, go to his room, change, and, coming down, show off another design for about the same time. He did this for almost ten hours, and naturally attracted quite a good deal of attention. That was what he wanted, but he could not break into the newspapers. The clerk when he was paying his bill said:

"You ought to patent that invention."

"What's that?" asked the sock man with an anticipatory smile, as he expected something complimentary about his scheme.

"Don't you do that for cold feet?"—Pittsburgh Daily News.

Was All Face.

The governor general of Canada, while enjoying a drive in the keen, frosty air, met an Indian who was very lightly clad. From mere curiosity he stopped the sleigh when opposite the Indian and asked him how it was he could withstand the cold under so light a covering. The Indian, without a moment's hesitation, answered by asking:

"How your face not cold?"

The governor general explained in his simplest English how it was that the skin of his face having been exposed to the weather always, it naturally had hardened. The Indian waited till the white man was through, then, with an utterly expressionless counteance, he said:

"Me all face," and went his way.—Cincinnati Enquirer.